

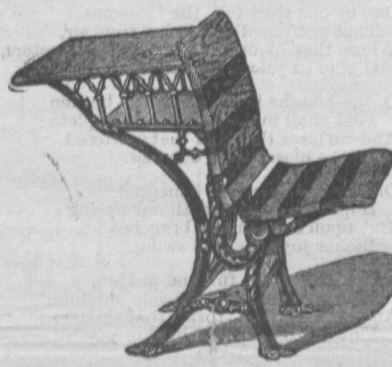
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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1880.

NUMBER 28.

POETRY.

The Sword of Bunker Hill.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

In person millions come
In spirit trillions more,
To glorify thy name
Upon thy native shore.
—Benjamin H. Field.

No age will come in which the American Revolution can appear less than it is—one of the greatest events in human history.—Webster.

I.
He lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
His weeping son to him,
"Weep not, my son," the veteran said,
"I bow to Heaven's high will,
But quickly from my anthers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

II.
The sword was brought; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name,
Then said: "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is better still,
I leave you, mark me now,
The sword of Bunker Hill."

III.
"Twas on that dread, immortal day,
We dared the British band,
A captain raised this sword on me,
I tore it from his hand,
And as the awful battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will;
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill."

IV.
"O keep the sword! and should the foe
Again invade our land,
My soul will shout from Heaven to see
It flame in your right hand;
For 'twill be double sacrifice
If were sunk tyrant—ill
Power dare to strike Man's rights won by
The sword of Bunker Hill."

V.
"O keep the sword you know what's in
The handle's hollow there:
It shines, will always shine, that look
Of Washington's own hair,
The terror of oppression's here:
Despots! your own graves fill.
O'er Vernon's gift God's seal is on
The sword of Bunker Hill."

VI.
"O keep the sword!"—his accents broke:
A smile, and he was dead—
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And fifty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill."

VII.
A hundred years have smiled o'er us
Since for the priceless gem
Or might with light, that moveless make
Our Nation's diadem,
Putnam, Starke, Prescott, Warren, fought
So centuries might thrill
To see the whole world made free by
The sword of Bunker Hill."

STORE TELLER.

THE STONE CUTTER'S STORY.

He was whistling over his work, careless, from long custom, of the solemn significance of the letters he was cutting in the white marble. The June sun was nearly at the end of the day's journey, sinking slowly to rest upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic, whose waves washed the shores of the little seaport town of Monkonk. A stranger handsomely dressed in grey, with large, lustrous brown eyes, came to the fence that was around the place where the stone-cutter worked, and read the lettering, almost completed, upon the tombstone:

HIRAM GOLDBY,

Aged 35.

LOST AT SEA JANUARY, 1866.

The last six was nearly completed. A strange pallor gathered for a moment upon the stranger's face, and then he drew a long, deep breath and said—

"Is not ten years a long time to be cutting letters on a tombstone, friend?"

"Eh, sir?"

The stone-cutter looked, shading his eyes with his brown hand, as he turned his face to the setting sun.

"This is 1876," was the grave reply, and Hiram Goldby must have been ten years under the waves."

"Well, sir, that's the question—is he there?"

"Is he there? Your stone tells us he is, and has been for ten years."

"Yes, sir, it does—so it does. And yet she has ordered it. She came over a week or so back with a worried look upon her sweet face, that I have never seen anything but patient in ten long years, and she said to me, 'You may cut a stone, Davy,' she says, 'and put it up in the churchyard, and I don't want to see it. I'll pay you whatever you choose to ask, Davy,' she says 'but he's not dead, and don't want a tombstone.' 'Lor, mum,' says I, 'he'd a turned up in all those years if he was not dead. But she shook her pretty head, the prettiest I ever saw, and she said, 'My heart never told me he was dead, Davy, and I'll never believe it till my heart tells me so.'"

"His sweetheart?" questioned the stranger.

"His wife, sir,—his loving, faithful wife, that's had poverty, and lone-

liness, and misery her full share, and might ha' bettered herself."

"How was that?"

"Mr. Miles, sir, the richest ship-owner hereabouts, he waited patiently for seven long years, trying to win her. Then he said she was free even if Hiram did come back."

"Enoch Arden," muttered the stranger.

"What did you say, sir?"

"Nothing, nothing. What answer did she make Mr. Miles?"

"If Hiram's dead," said she, "I'm his faithful widow while I live. If Hiram's living, I'm his faithful wife. Maybe you are from the city, sir, and have not heard the story of our Pearl?"

"What story is that?"

"Well, sir, its been told many times, more particularly in the last year, but you're welcome to what I know of it. There, that six is done, and I'll leave the scripture text till next morning. If you'll come to the gateway and take a seat on some of the stones, I'll tell you, that is, if you care to hear it."

"I do care," was the grave reply; "I want very much to hear the story."

"Maybe you're some kin to the Pearl of Monkonk—that's what they call Mrs. Goldby hereabouts. It's a matter of thirty-three years back, sir, that there was a wreck off Monkonk rocks, that you can see from here, sir, now the tide's low. Cruel rocks they are, and many a wreck they've seen, the more pity. You see them, sir?"

"I see them."

"Well, sir, this one wreck, thirty-three years ago, there was nothing washed ashore but a bit of a girl-baby, three or four years old, with a skin like a lilly leaf, and great black eyes. Hiram Goldby found her on the rocks. He was a boy of twelve years, strong and tall, and he carried the child in his arms to his mother. You may see the cottage, sir, the second white one on the side of the hill."

"Well, Hiram took the baby there, and Mrs. Goldby was as a mother to her—a good woman, God bless her soul—the widow Goldby."

"Is she dead, then?"

"Aye, sir, six years ago. The lady I was telling you of, sir, talked a foreign lingo, and was dressed in rich clothes that must have cost a power of money. But never would Hiram or the widow sell them, putting them up carefully in case the child was ever looked for. 'She was that pretty, sir, and that dainty, that everybody called her Pearl, though she was not like our girls, but afraid, always deadly afraid of the sea. I have seen her clench her mite of a hand and strike at it, for she had a bit of temper in her, though nothing to harm.'"

"When Hiram made his first voyage, for they were all seafaring men hereabouts, and there was nothing for a lad to do but ship, the Pearl was just a little washed out lily, fretting till he came home again. And it was so whenever he went, for they were sweethearts from the first time he nestled her baby face on his breast, when he picked her up from the wreck. She was sixteen when they were married, as near as we could guess; Hiram was a man of twenty-four. She prayed him to stay home then, and he staid a year, but he fretted for the sea, and he went again, thinking, I s'pose, that his wife would get used to it, as all wives hereabouts must do. But she never did—never. It was just pitiable to see her go about, white as a corpse, when Hiram went away, never looking at the sea without a shudder like a death chill. All through the war it was just awful, for Hiram enlisted on board a man-o'-war, and Pearl was just a shadow when he came home the last time."

"After the war?"

"Yes, sir; but he made no money of any account, and so he went again, after staying home a long spell. Well, he never came back. 'Twasn't no manner of use a-telling Pearl he was lost; she'd just shake her pretty head and say: 'He'll come back.' Not a mite of mourning would she wear, even after his own mother gave him up and put on black; for, sir, it stands to reason he's dead years ago."

"It looks so."

"Of course it does; nobody else doubts it but Mrs. Goldby. Old Mrs. Goldby's last words were: 'I'm going to meet Hiram,' they say the dying know. But even then that didn't make Pearl think so. She wore mourning for her who had been the only mother she knew of, but no weeds. Weeds was for widows, she said, and she wasn't a widow."

"Well, sir, I'm coming to that. A year ago, sir, a fine gentleman from France came hunting for a child lost on this coast. He'd heard of Pearl by happen-chances, if there is such, and came here. When he saw the clothes he just fainted like a woman."

"She was related, then?"

The stranger's voice was husky, but the sea air was growing chilly.

"Her father, sir."

"He took her away?"

"He tried to. He told her of a splendid home he had in New York, for he'd followed his wife and child, sir, to a city they had never reached. He was rich and lonely. He begged his child to go, but she would not. 'Hiram will come here for me,' she said, 'and he will find me where he left me.'"

"On what has she lived?"

"Sewing, sir, mostly. The cottage was old Mrs. Goldby's, and bless you, Pearl did not eat much more than a bird, and her dresses cost next to nothing. But there's no denying she was very poor,—very, and yet the grand house and big fortune never tempted her. So her father came on and on to see her, until April. And he died, sir, and left our Pearl all his fortune and the grand house in New York. But she'll not go there, sir, she'll die here, waiting for Hiram, who'll never come."

The stranger lifted his face that had been half hidden in his hand and said:—

"There was a shipwreck in the Pacific ocean, Davy, years and years ago, and one man only was saved—saved, Davy, by savages, who made him a slave, the worst of slaves! But one day this sailor saved the life of the chief's daughter, who was in the coils of a huge snake, and the chief released him. More than that, he gave him choice spices and woods and sent him aboard the first passing ship. So the sailor landed in a great city, sold his presents and put the gold in safe keeping. Then he traveled till he reached the seaport town where he was born, and coming there at sunset, heard the story of his life from the lips of a man cutting his tombstone."

Not a word spoke Davy. Standing erect, he seized an immense sledge hammer, and with powerful blows from strong, uplifted arms, dashed the marble into fragments. Then panting with exertion, he held out his hand to the stranger—a stranger no longer.

"I've done no better work in my life than I've done in the last five minutes, Hiram. Go home, man, and make Pearl's heart glad. She don't need it, Hiram—she don't need it. The neighbors drove her to ordering it, twitted her now that she was rich, she grudged the stone to her husband's memory. So she told me to cut it, but says, 'Don't put dead upon it, Davy—put lost at sea; for Hiram's lost, but he'll be found and come back to me.' She never looked at it, Hiram, never. And there's not an hour, nor hasn't been for ten years, that she hasn't been looking for you to come back. Go to her, man, and the Lord's blessings be upon both of you."

So, grasping the hard, brown hand, Hiram Goldby took the path to the little white cottage in which he had been born forty-five years before. The sun had set and the darkness was gathering, but a little gleam of light streamed from the window of his cottage. He drew near softly, and standing on the seat of the porch, looked over the half curtain into the neat, but poor sitting room.

It was not the grand home, Pearl's heritage in New York, but Pearl herself was there. A slender woman, with a pale, sweet face, and black hair smoothly banded and gathered in rich braids on the back of her shapely head. Her dress was a plain dark one, with white ruffles, cuffs, and an apron.

She was bent sewing, but her work was put aside, and presently she came to the open window and drew aside the curtain. She did not see the tall figure drawn closely against the wall in the narrow porch; but the dark eyes looked mournfully toward the sea, glimmering in the half light.

"My darling!" she whispered "are you dead, and has your spirit come to take mine where we shall part no more?"

Only the wash of the waves below answered her. Sighing softly, she said: "Is my darling coming? I feel him so near to me, I could almost grasp him."

She stretched out her arms over the low window sill, and a low voice answered her: "Pearl! Pearl!"

The arms that had so long grasped only empty air, were filled then, as Hiram stood under the low window.

"Do not move, love," she whispered, pressing her soft lips to his; "I always wake when you move."

"But now," he said, "you are already awake. See, Pearl your trust was heaven given. It is myself, your fond, true husband, little one, who will never leave you again."

"Is it true! you have come!" she cried at last bursting into a torrent of happy tears. "I knew you were not dead. You could not be dead and my heart not tell me." It was

long before they could think of anything but the happiness of re-union after the many years of separation, but at last, drawing Pearl closer, Hiram whispered: "I walked from J—, love, and am enormously hungry."

And Pearl's merry laugh chased the last shadows from her happy face, and she bustled about the room preparing supper.

"Supper for two!" she cried gleefully.

The grand house in New York is tenanted by its owners, and Hiram goes to sea no more; but in the summer time two happy people come for a quiet month to the little white cottage at Monkonk, and have always listened to Davy's tale of the evening when he was cutting Hiram Goldby's tombstone, and ended by smashing it into atoms.

"For," is the invariable ending of the tale, "Pearl was right and we were wrong, all of us; for Hiram Goldby was lost at sea, sure enough, but he was not dead, and he came to her faithful love as she always said he would."

ONLY A FARE.

"Fare, ma'am," said the conductor.

The passenger took no notice. She was a shabby-looking old woman, in rather rusty-looking black, with a frayed lace scarf around her neck, and an old-fashioned, heavily worked lace veil fastened about her bonnet brim.

"Fare!" repeated the conductor again.

The passenger looked at him, dipped her hand into her pocket, rummaged into a queer little reticule she carried, and after exhausting all the patience of which a conductor is supposed to be possessed, said, slowly:

"I haven't got a penny. I suppose I've lost the change, or else I've got my pocket picked, and I'm going to — street, too."

There was a pause. The conductor looked at the passenger and hesitated. It was a damp, misty evening. The streets were ankle deep with mire. It was three miles to — street, and the car was not half full. It seemed only common humanity to permit an old woman to ride to her destination, whether she paid her fare or not. But there on the platform, staring through the glass door, our conductor saw the face of a car spy—a "spotter," the men called him—who was watching him with eager, green eyes, anxious to catch him tripping.

Poor as his place was, twenty men were waiting for it. His receipts must tally with the number of passengers recorded on the dial provided for the purpose, or off went his head on Saturday night. Still he could not put the old woman off his car; only one alternative remained—

Now a fare on the — road was only five cents, but six o'clock was coming and he was hungry, and the supper he would have just time enough to snatch before his evening trips began, would cost him ten cents—five cents for bread and cheese, five cents for a cup of coffee. He gave up one of these if he paid the old woman's fare. You see there was another old woman whom he called granny to be cared for, and clothes of some sort must be worn, and there were no pennies to spare. But it was the memory of old Granny that rose in his heart as he dropped in the coin, touched the bell, and nodded "all right" to his passenger; and as he stepped from his car to take his brief rest, he handed the old woman to the curbstone, and saw her safe upon her way.

"No, I don't want anything but the coffee," he said, waving away the restaurant keeper's boy, as he pressed the basket of rolls and sandwiches upon him. "Take that stuff away."

The bread was out of reach before he felt quite safe, he was so very, very hungry.

At that moment an old woman touched the car-starter upon the arm.

"Tell me the name of the conductor on car number five," she said. There he sits under the shed, drinking some coffee."

"That's Varnham—Tom Varnham," replied the starter, rather eagerly, for he had a relative waiting for a place. "If you have any complaint to make, there's the office."

But the old woman toddled away.

Oh, the long, long winter, cold and cruel—a winter full of terrible storms of snow and sleet. Two drivers on the — line were badly frozen. Many died of lung complaints. The conductors suffered too, though not so terribly, and Granny had been sick, and there was money to be spent for medicine and nourishing luxuries, and Tom Varnham's old great coat was stolen one night by a thief who made his way into the crowded lodging-house.

After that he went without it, and

he often wondered what it would be to be warm, and sit at a satisfying meal. Life seemed very hard, but to give up that poor situation and seek for a better was not to be thought of, with Granny on his hands.

The passengers who rode in car number five often snubbed their conductor, took him to task for the inconveniences they suffered, and abused him at their dinner tables, or as they sat before their warm grates, toasting their toes, while he shivered on the car platform. Perhaps the shabby old woman with the worked lace veil may have done it also, for she rode in the car very often, though she never found herself again without a fare.

"What's the matter?" asked a passenger.

"Three cars ahead stopped—some one hurt," replied the other. "What is it, conductor?"

"Conductor of number five dropped down," was the response. "Some say he's dead."

Tom Varnham lay in the midst of a little crowd, quite senseless and very pale.

The men were talking about him.

"He's been starving himself, and freezing, too," said one. "A sick, old grandmother on his hands; and he was a clerk or something, never used to outdoor work. I've seen this coming for days."

"You are the doctor, sir," asked a shabby old woman, lying her hand on the arm of a gentleman who knelt beside poor Tom. The gentleman looked up.

"You said last week that I did not deserve to be called one, Madam Hovey," he said, demurely.

"Oh, Dr. Jones! that was when you could not cure me of the neuralgia," replied the old lady. "But I want you to do something for me. Have this young man brought to my house; he did me a favor once, and do your best for him, and send the bill to me."

The doctor nodded, and when Tom Varnham came to himself he lay in a great old-fashioned feather bed, in a room he had never been before, and the old woman, whose fare he had paid looked to and fro beside his bed.

"You are not to talk," she said, waving a black fan at him, "but everything is all right. Your grandmother's board is paid to that rapacious old woman, and you needn't trouble your mind about anything. Go to sleep. You went without your bread and butter to give me a ride once, and I shan't forget it, though I happen to be a rich old woman instead of a poor one, as you thought me."

Tom listened, found himself incapable of making any remarks, and fell asleep again. But hard times were over for the poor fellow. When he was able to work again there was a fine position open for him in a great wholesale house, and he was able to keep a pretty suite of rooms and a servant for old Granny, and to live with her, to her great joy. And, moreover, it is well known that old Madam Hovey, who has neither relative nor hobby, has made her will, leaving her great fortune to Tom Varnham.

"Don't ask me why," she said to the lawyer. "Perhaps you wouldn't think it much to go hungry on a stormy winter evening for the sake of a poor old woman. I could have called a coach, and I'd only lost my purse, but he didn't know that, and I always remembered just how he looked when he sent that bread away. I knew he was a good fellow, and so he is, and I've a right to leave my money according to my fancy."

The Problem of Suicide.

Two young Englishmen were going ashore in a boat from a merchant vessel in a Chinese port. One of the two had levelled his revolver, for amusement, at some object on the beach, when, just as he pulled the trigger, the other leaped across and received the whole charge in his head.

As soon as the poor fellow saw that he had killed his friend, he put the pistol to his own brow, and fell dead by his side. Was he right, or splendidly wrong? This happened A.D. 1880, and about the year 550 B.C. Adrastus, the son of Georgias, the son of Midas, having first killed his own brother by accident at home, and then, with a javelin aimed at a wild boar, the favorite son of his kind patron Crossus, who, warned by a dream, had placed his darling under his special charge, waited till there was silence and solitude after that lamentable funeral, and "knowing that within himself that of all men he ever heard of he was the most burdened with calamities, slew himself upon the tomb."

Christ delivers us from the yoke of the Law that we may pass under the yoke of Grace. The yoke of Christ is the inward sway of His personal character. Christianity is a kingdom as well as a gospel.—[Gen. Dana Boardman.

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Two Stories of Lamb.

Lamb was invited to meet a somewhat mixed company. One was Mr. D—, a retired cheesemonger, who had been for years in some commission connected with the poor laws. He was a pompous man, with a grand effatation of having been born to the exalted position. At one time in the course of the dinner, opinions ran at variance as to the proper method of dealing with pauperdom, and Mr. D— assumed a very high manner. "Gentlemen," he said, thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, lying back in his chair and inflating his lungs to their utmost capacity—"gentlemen, I should know what I am speaking of, with all my years in the public service, and with my opportunities for studying the dispositions of these miserable and troublesome paupers! Gentlemen, they are as worthless and ungrateful as they are and have been impropvident! The time has been, gentlemen, when I had some of the milk of human kindness in my breast for these wretches; but now—" and he passed for a moment in order to let the conclusion come in more overwhelmingly. "N-now," broke in Lamb, with his poor, thin face all childish innocence—"n-now, Mr. D—, I sup-pose that m-milk is all m-made up into ch-ch-cheese!"

Lamb received an invitation on a certain evening to be present at a breakfast at Roger's the following morning, to meet a young author, whose first volume of poetry left the press that day. He went a trifle early and reached the waiting-room while it was vacant, Rogers not having come down, and none of the guests having arrived. On the table lay a copy of the young poet's new book. Lamb picked it up, ran through it, saw that it contained nothing of any special mark, and then, in a few minutes yet remaining, amused himself by committing to memory three or four of the short poems it contained. The guests arrived—among them the young aspirant for honors. Some of the leading men of the London world of letters were among the number. Rogers descended, the young man was introduced, and the breakfast was served. Some literary matters came under discussion, pending the after introduction of the young poet's book. With the gravest of faces, after a few moments, Lamb said: "I don't think, g-gentlemen,

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1622 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Before our next issue shall have been printed, the long-looked-for picnic of the Manhattan Literary Association will have come and gone. From present indications, the affair promises to be more stupendous than any of the kind ever given in New York. Deaf-mutes from Philadelphia, Boston, and other places, are expected to be present, and it is safe to predict that their most sanguine anticipations in regard to pleasure will be gratified. The Committee having charge of the affair, are doing everything to make it a perfect success. We expect to be present and enjoy with others the refreshing and healthful influences of a sail, coupled with pleasant association with old friends, and, we hope, with many new ones. In the JOURNAL following, we will endeavor to give a full account of the excursion—embracing such personal mention as we are able to collect.

A prominent deaf-mute gentleman of New York State writes to know if we will not publish a list of the names of those persons who intend being present at the National Convention. The aforesaid gentleman would like those who are going to travel in solid delegation from Buffalo to Cincinnati. Those who go by the Erie and those who take the New York Central R. R. could meet at Buffalo on a given day. We would like to hear from Mr. McGregor on this question. At present we know a few prominent deaf-mutes who are going, but do not want to publish their names until a full list has been obtained. We respectfully ask the Chairman of the Local Committee to send us the names of parties who have expressed their intention to be present, together with such other information that would, by being published, materially help along the cause.

We have just received the Sixty-Fourth Annual Report of the American Asylum, at Hartford, for the education of the Deaf and Dumb. There were present during the year 249 pupils, 152 of whom were males, and 97 females. Two of the Directors, Samuel S. Ward and Erasmus Collins, died during the year. The report contains a sketch of the life of David E. Bartlett, taken from the American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb. In the report of the Principal, Job Williams, M.A., the results obtained from the Audiphone are commented upon in a very able manner. In a few cases, where it could be used to advantage, the hearing trumpet was found to serve the purpose quite as well. The whole is summed up as follows: "As far as our experience goes, we find little to encourage us to believe that the Audiphone will give essential assistance to any considerable number of our pupils. That in many cases where the hearing of adults has been seriously impaired, the audiphone has proved an inestimable boon, we have too good evidence to doubt." In the Industrial Department, good work has been accomplished. The boys have made good progress in their trades, and have turned out work creditable to themselves and the Asylum.

NOTICES.

Rev. A. W. Mann expects to hold a service at the Chapel of Christ Church, Dayton, Ohio, on Friday evening, July 9th. From there he expects to go to Cincinnati for the 11th.

Rev. Job Turner is to hold service on Sunday, July 25th, in Henniker, N. H. Deaf-mutes in the neighboring towns, as well as in Henniker, will be cordially invited. Any of them wishing to stop at a hotel can have cheap board.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

Dr. Gallaudet was the guest of Mr. Budd during his stay in Chicago.

The Portland (Me.) School for Deaf-Mutes closed on the 26th of June for nine weeks.

Rev. Mr. Mann expects to hold a service at St. John's Church, Cincinnati, on Sunday, July 11th.

Mr. Edward Conger and wife, of North Fairfield, O., expect to attend the National Convention.

George W. Evans, who used to live in Dewitt, Ia., is now in Mt. Verne, Minn. He was educated at the New York City Institution.

Prof. J. J. Murphy has eight deaf-mute children in his school in Green Bay, Wis. The school closes for vacation this week.

H. M. Roife, of De Pere, Wis., has hooped two thousand syring legs in one month, each leg having ten hoops. Pretty fast work.

Prof. Dunn, of the Le Couteux St. Mary's Institution, visited the New York Institution on Friday last. He also called at the JOURNAL office.

Mr. Jacob Tuttle was in Dewitt, Ia., lately, and there met Mr. Kinney, who has two deaf-mute daughters who were educated at the Institution at Council Bluffs, Ia.

Rev. Mr. Artell, of Tipton, Ia., who was a teacher in the Indiana Institution about twenty-six years ago, preaches to six deaf-mutes in the Presbyterian Church every Sunday.

During their brief stay in Red Wing, Minn., Revs. Gallaudet and Mann enjoyed the hospitality of the house of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgman, who have a son who expects to enter the National College.

A large congregation greeted Revs. Gallaudet and Mann at the 3 p.m. service, at St. James Church, Chicago, Sunday, June 27th. Among those present was the venerable Edmund Booth, of Anamosa, Ia.

Alex. Dezendorf, the mute pedestrian, has recovered from his recent illness, and is contemplating a trip to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., and Richmond, Va. He will start on or about July 20th.

The Rev. E. A. Thomas, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, St. Paul, Minn., filled the position of instructor at the Louisiana Institution many years ago, when it was under the superintendency of Mr. J. S. Brown.

Mr. Thomas Shady, of New York City, stopped in this beautiful city for two days, last month. His object in visiting us was to obtain employment, but not being successful, left us. We wish him success wherever he goes.—Omaha Correspondent.

The "intelligent compositor" in setting up the item about Mrs. Jones, of the Flint Institution, made it read: "Miss" Jones. We are searching for the one who set it up. When he is discovered, notice will be given, and his obituary will appear in the next issue.

Mr. E. J. Halley, a supervisor of the New York Institution, received a painful though not serious wound in the right leg just below the knee, from a pitchfork in the hands of a reckless urchin who was pitching straw in the barn, on Wednesday, July 30th. He will be all right in a few days.

The Alumni Reunion, at Madison, Wis., was a success in every way. Harmony prevailed. The meetings were held in the Assembly Chamber of the State House. In the evening of June 24th, Drs. Gallaudet and Mann held a service in Grace Church, with an attendance of forty of the members, besides many of the regular congregation.

Still comes another victim to the matrimonial fever, in the person of Prince, of 79, whose marriage was solemnized at the Mount Vernon M. E. Church, (South) Washington, D. C., on Wednesday evening, June 30th. The church was filled, and the happy pair left at 10 p.m. for New York and Boston, as did his predecessor, Sparrow, of 77.

Mr. James McCartney, who was educated at Philadelphia, on his arrival, not long ago, in Buffalo, N. Y., obtained a position in a shoe factory there and is doing very well. He came there from St. Louis, Mo. The deaf-mutes were glad to see him, and hope he will stay as long as he lives. He is one of the most intelligent mutes in the city.

Mr. Joshua Tschudy has been visiting in Monroe, Wis., and in Oregon, Ill., and says he had a splendid time. He called on Mr. Jacob Tuttle, of Rockford, Ill., a short time ago, and staid a couple of days, and then returned to Glarus, Wis., where his father, who is a wealthy merchant, resides. He was present at the Wisconsin Reunion. He is now visiting relatives in Dakota.

The Omaha Daily Herald of June 25th, says: "It will be interesting to note the wedding of a couple of deaf-mutes, which took place yesterday afternoon at the Nebraska Institution. The parties were Mr. John Buckley, an attaché of the Institution, and Miss Ella B. Ide, who has been one of the students. The ceremony was solemnly performed by Rev. Mr. Ingram, who was assisted by Principal Gillespie. There followed a general handshaking and greeting, and soon a luxurious supper was spread, to the utmost pleasure of all. A goodly number of friends were present. The bride was presented with many valuable gifts. We hope the newly wedded pair many days of happiness and long life."

Charles W. Carraway, of Mississippi, a student of the National College, played a good joke on a member of Congress recently. While visiting this Congressman in Washington, the conversation happened to turn upon deaf-mutes. Mr. Carraway greatly astonished the Nation's Legislator by remarking that there were over 25,000 of 'em in the United States; and still further astonished the Solon by saying that the deaf-mutes are going to hold a National Convention at Cincinnati, this summer. The Congressman opened his eyes wide, and asked whom they were going to nominate for President and Vice-President. Mr. Carraway gravely replied: "Prof. McGregor, of Ohio, for President; and J. T. Tillinghast, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President." "McGregor and Tillinghast? I never heard of them before," the Congressman replied. By this time Mr. Carraway could control himself no longer, and in order to explain his first of laughter, said to the mystified Congressman that they were not going to nominate a President of the United States, but they were going to hold, not a political convention, but merely one for pleasure and profit. The Congressman now saw the joke, and laughed as heartily as the rest who were present.

The many friends of George A. Holmes, of Boston, will regret to hear of another bereavement that the heavy hand of death has afflicted him with. Within a year and a half he has lost a wife, a sister and a niece, and now he is called upon to mourn the death of a son. On the 29th of June, George Alfred Holmes, Jr., aged less than two years, died after an illness of a few days, from that fatal disease, Cerebro Spinal Meningitis. A beautiful floral cross was presented to the dead by the deaf-mute residents of Cambridge. The funeral service was conducted by a minister of the Baptist Church, and was interpreted for the benefit of the mutes present by Maud A. Smith, the only surviving daughter of the late Mrs. Amos Smith.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

CUT THIS OUT AND PASTE IT IN YOUR HAT.

THE FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF DEAF-MUTES WILL MEET AT THE



On the 25th of August, 1880.

The following hotels will entertain members of the Convention at the rates named:

Gibson House, Walnut St., bet. 4th & 5th Sts.,	\$2.50 per day.
St. James Hotel, 4th St. bet. Maine and Sycamore,	\$2.00 "
Galt House, Cor. 6th and Main Sts.,	\$1 to \$1.25
Reid's Hotel, 4th St. bet. Plum and Race, (without board, 75 cts.)	\$1.50 "

These are all centrally located, and within easy access of the hall by street cars.

The Gibson House is a first-class hotel, one of the best in the city.

The St. James Hotel is a very good one, the other two are as good as any of their class. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

There are many other hotels, but these are the only ones the Committee have made special arrangements with so far. As soon as other arrangements are made, they will be announced in the JOURNAL.

Any information concerning Hotels, routes, etc., can be obtained by enclosing stamp and addressing R. P. McGregor, 531½ Baymiller St., Cincinnati, O.

R. P. MCGREGOR, } Local Committee.
A. F. WOOD,
J. K. T. HOAGLAND,

CINCINNATI, O., May 31, 1880.

(Explanation of Cut:—The large building on the right and at top of cliff is the Bellevue House. The next building on the left is the engine house, and below can be seen the inclined Railroad with car ascending. Further to the left and in the distance, is the park or garden where the Deaf-Mute Picnic will be held on the 13th of July. Below is a nearer view of the garden, terrace and part of the city.)

Prof. John A. Prince and his bride visited the JOURNAL office a few days ago. Both were looking well and nappy.

Bella Porter, of Wrentham, Mass., has a pretty representative of herself in Boston, in the person of a hearing sister.

There were sixty cases of measles at the Hartford Asylum during the year just passed, one of which, Carrie Perry, died.

Gorham D. Abbott, of New Hampshire, has informed Isaac N. Soper, of Lowell, that he would attend the National Picnic at Willowdale.

Prof. Melville A. Ballard, of Maine or Washington, and Thomas F. Fox, of New York, will probably attend the New England Gallaudet Convention.

Bella Porter, of Wrentham, Mass., will attend the picnic at Willowdale, with her sister. She need not be afraid of the cows there, as she will find plenty of brave defenders.

The last number of the Goodson Gazette, the Virginia Institution paper, that was issued previous to vacation, contained a cut of the Institution with the name of the new Principal, Thomas S. Doyle, attached to it.

A certain young lady of Boston being told that Harry White had just taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, scolded him for having studied all those years at College like a nun at a convent, with the purpose of never marrying. It was foolish, she said, in him to have studied only to be a bachelor all his life.

The number of deaf-mutes who will be present at the National Convention has been estimated by a rough guess, to be as follows: Fifty, if not a hundred, from Indiana; fifty, if not seventy-five, from Illinois; one hundred from the different Southern States; another hundred, if not more, from the Great Northwest; and two hundred, if not more, from the State of Ohio alone.

The Deaf-Mute base ball club which was to have played the Nationals on Wednesday, failed to put in an appearance. Too late to obtain another club, a postal card was sent to Mr. Sheehan that the club had disbanded. It seems that the club was rather short of funds, and had made a failure of a game with the Brooklyn, of Brooklyn, N. Y., by which they expected to get enough to come to Boston with.—Natick Bulletin.

Miss Mary J. Jennigan, a deaf and dumb lady of Little Rock, visited Petersburg, Va., lately. She is the mother of five children, and has an afflicted husband who is also deaf and dumb. Her object here was to ask alms at the hands of the people. Such are truly objects for our consideration. We were glad to learn that she met some kind-hearted souls who administered to her wants. In conversation with a lady of our town, she said "Jesus Christ would cure the deaf and dumb when they die." She is a member of the Presbyterian Church.

For some time past, a little trouble has arisen in Boston between the existing society and the Episcopal Church. Missionaries of the Episcopal Church had frequently asked permission of Committee of the Society to announce in the morning to the audience that they would hold Episcopal service in the afternoon and evening, in St. Paul's Church, or the Church of the Good Shepherd, as the case may be. This permission had been willingly given until recently, when a dissatisfaction grew out of the fact that no return of the courtesy had ever been made by the ministers of the Episcopal Church. For this, the latter were not to blame, as no such favor was known to have been asked from them. Happily, a compromise has been made between the Committee and the Missionaries of the Episcopal Church, by the terms of which, services to be held by each other will be duly announced in their respective churches. Thus a misunderstanding, which might have proved serious, was happily averted.

The wife of Prof. Selinoy, of the Rome, N. Y., Institution has gone to Denver, Col., to spend the summer.

Prof. Knight, of the Central New York Institution has gone to Governor, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., and taken his family along.

Prof. Story of the Rome Institution is at Otego Lake, and Prof. Johnson, of the same Institution, is rusticiating in Clay, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

Mr. Samuel Wilkinson, of Fall River, Mass., was in New York last week and called on the editor of the JOURNAL. He afterwards went to Long Branch. He expects to return home in a few days.

Profs. Chamberlain and Selinoy propose going on a tramp through Herkimer Co., N. Y., and around by the foot of the Adirondacks. They will probably call on Mr. and Mrs. Eddy at the Thousand Islands.

Alex. J. Arnold, of Mill Hollow, Pa., visited the JOURNAL office on the morning of July 5th. He had been to Long Branch, and while there met "Capt." J. Sarsfield, who is a member of the Life Saving Company of that watering place.

Fred Woollever, of Union City, Conn., has walked fifty miles in eight hours and forty six minutes. He was formerly of Watertown, N. Y. He is now working in a foundry in Union City, and gets good pay. He visits Waterbury, Conn., which is only four miles distant, very often.

The domestic department of the Rome Institution is distributed as follows:—The House-keeper and Sewing Matron—(Pattee and Griffin) are at Ocean Grove, N. J. Miss Morris is at home—(Red Bank, N. J.). She returns next Monday to take the place of Mrs. A. Smith, the matron, who then goes to Ocean Grove to recuperate.

On the 18th of June, Mr. Leopold Loewenstein, of vast manufacture fame, was presented with an elegant arm chair by his employees, in honor of his fifty-sixth birthday. In return he allowed them a half-holiday, and provided a splendid dinner for their benefit. Mr. Loewenstein was also presented with a handsome cane by his nephew, a cutter in his establishment.

Jonathan H. Eddy and Hattie Roe, both teachers at the Central New York School, were married on Monday, June 28th, and left on the same day for the Thousand Islands via Tonawanda Falls to spend the honeymoon. They have hired a cottage at Thousand Island Park and will keep house for themselves. Both bride and groom are graduates of the New York Institution, both having obtained high distinction as scholars.

For some time past, a little trouble has arisen in Boston between the existing society and the Episcopal Church. Missionaries of the Episcopal Church had frequently asked permission of Committee of the Society to announce in the morning to the audience that they would hold Episcopal service in the afternoon and evening, in St. Paul's Church, or the Church of the Good Shepherd, as the case may be. This permission had been willingly given until recently, when a dissatisfaction grew out of the fact that no return of the courtesy had ever been made by the ministers of the Episcopal Church. For this, the latter were not to blame, as no such favor was known to have been asked from them. Happily, a compromise has been made between the Committee and the Missionaries of the Episcopal Church, by the terms of which, services to be held by each other will be duly announced in their respective churches. Thus a misunderstanding, which might have proved serious, was happily averted.

Alice H. Freeman was the valedictorian at the Michigan Institution this year.

During July and August, the Rev. Job Turner's address will be No. 27 Appleton St., Boston, Mass.

Mr. E. J. Halley, one of the Supervisors of the New York Institution, is spending his vacation at College Point, L. I.

The Southern Missionary tour of Rev. Job Turner was finished in Charlestown, W. Va., on the 4th of July. He will soon begin an extensive Missionary tour in the North.

It is estimated that there were eighty deaf-mutes present at the sermon preached at St. Ann's Church, New York City, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, on Sunday, July 4th.

Owing to circumstances over which he had no control, Prof. Gamage, of the New York Institution, did not go to Europe on July 5th, as anticipated. He will probably go next week.

Yesterday, at three o'clock, there died one who was better known, perhaps, to every frequenter of the Levee and steamboats of this port, than any other man—no one excepted—for his business was with the Captain and dock-sweeper, the man on duty and the man off duty. This man was known to all by the sobriquet of "Dummy," because of the fact that he was both deaf and dumb. For the past twenty-five years he has been in the employ of George Ellis & Bro., the popular booksellers of this city, and never once betrayed the trust they implicitly placed in him. "Dummy," whose real name was Leopold Drodolot, was a plain, straight-forward, unobtrusive man; and was liked by all the frequenters, white and black, rich and poor alike, of the Levee, and each man, woman and boy respected his infirmity and treated him kindly. Drodolot was forty-eight years old, and died of abscess of the liver. He was born a deaf-mute, and with a brother, a carpenter, ably supported their aged mother. "Dummy" could read and write, and was well versed in the newspapers and periodicals of the day. He would remember an order for any special paper a man might want, and upon the man's return to port "Dummy" would be on hand with the very paper wanted. It will be an impossibility to fill his place. There was but one Dickens and there was but one "Dummy." Our readers in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, St. Paul, everywhere, will regret to hear of this death, for all liked the poor mute who was so faithful and so quiet in the performance of his duties; who was always on time; was ever polite, courteous and accommodating, and all unite with us in the hope that he is in that "Beautiful Land" where there is nothing but perfection and happiness.—New Orleans Picayune, June 16.

MARRIED

At the residence of the bride's parents, at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, on July 1st, by Rev. A. W. Mann, assisted by Rev. G. W. Williams, Rector of St. John's Church, Mr. Fountain N. Everhart, of Lafayette, Indiana, and Miss Eliza C. Reid. No cards.

WANTED.

A lady competent of teaching Articulation, with the best of reference, desires a situation in school or private family. Address—

MISS C. L. HEMPSTONE,
DICKERSON'S STATION,
Mont'g Co., Md.

Explorative, and Otherwise.

Some people appear to enjoy being thought worse off than they really are, but for myself, I have no leaning in that peculiar direction; rather, I like to be ranked among the favored ones. For this reason, and because I hold truth and justice above all price, I have never seen myself represented as a deaf-mute by the editors and writers of the various deaf-mute papers without regret, and an earnest desire to correct the mistake by protesting that I am merely deaf and can talk well enough to be understood by most clear headed, well-hearing people.

I am sure that every editor to whom I have written will testify that I never tried to create on his mind the impression that I am a deaf-mute, and whenever he has spoken of me as one, he did it either inferentially, grounding his inference solely upon the fact of my interest in, or association with the word deaf-mute inadvertently in the haste of writing.

I am just now particularly anxious to have my exact relationship to the mute family perfectly understood, because the Editor of the Silent People not long ago spoke of me as a deaf-mute; and secondly, because lately, looking over some copies of last year's Deaf-Mute Mirror, I found an article signed "Arkansas Traveler" in which the writer says:

"I see that the Mirror and other deaf-mute papers have spoken of Miss Angie A. Fuller as a deaf-mute. This is not quite fair to us who are congenital mutes, for Miss Fuller is a semi-mute, and understood language well before she entered an Institution for the Deaf and Dumb."

Thirdly, I am anxious because some of my former schoolmates are highly sensitive about the matter, and experience such a deal of misery whenever any one attaches the designation to my name, that they cannot rest day or night until they have vehemently protested—"She is not a deaf-mute!" Yet to me, the protestations of some of those touchy ones is not only the very cream of a joke, but a repetition of the oft-quoted exclamation, "O, Consistency, thou art a jewel!" not owned by all who claim to own thee, however.

That others may share this cream with me, I will add that I have given the subject considerable consideration, yet I cannot perceive that it is more wicked for a person who cannot hear but can talk, to be called a "deaf-mute" and keep silence through multiplicity of duties, than it is for one who cannot talk but can hear as well the majority of people, to be complimented for smartness as a "deaf-mute" and send those compliments all over the country uncorrected.

Since my ideas of justice will not allow me to attach more culpability to the former person than to the latter, I will leave others to settle the degrees of guiltiness, and earnestly request all persons interested in the matter hereafter, to bear in mind, that according to the present defective mode of deaf-mute classification, I am a semi-mute.

As proof that I have always endeavored to maintain a strictly honest position in society, I think my old principal, Dr. T. G. Gillett, will recollect that during the second year of my pupillage at the Illinois School, when he was proposing a traveling exhibition of picked pupils, he said to me, "If I go, I want you to go along, but you must not talk," and that I promptly replied, "I do not think it would be honest for me to pass for dumb while I can talk." That was twenty years ago, but I still hold to the same idea so firmly, that, although I know very well my voice is not musical, I talk really whenever occasion requires, and I am fully persuaded, that all deaf persons who can talk well enough to be understood by the majority of people, ought to talk really wherever they go, nor ever once allow false pride, nor over sensitiveness to keep them silent; for if they do, they will be guilty of dishonesty and deception. On the other hand, if they talk to the best of their ability, defects of cadence will be generously overlooked, and they will be respected as surely as "He who does the best he can, is as wealthy as he who can do the best."

Assuring "Arkansas Traveler," and all others who have felt aggrieved by the attaching of that word "deaf-mute" to my name, that I much desired to make the above remarks some weeks ago, but was not able. I will pass to other subjects.

Early in the spring, a mute girl, then at school, wrote me a kindly letter in which she named a teacher, and said "He asked me why you did not write to him. He wants you to write to him."

As that teacher is a married man, and I have no business transactions with him, I was astonished at her remarks, and mentally questioned? Does the man think I have neither dignity, self-respect, nor even common sense, that he expects me to write to him? Too bad any one thinks me so wickedly low in morals, so false to the best interests of myself.

For the special benefit of that teacher, and all other persons who may have been troubled with fears as to the quality of my principles, I will say, I regard the married state as a sacred one, and have no intention of trifling with any woman's happiness by writing to her husband, unless he happens to be the editor of a paper to which I contribute, or holds some literary position, or office, which makes it entirely proper for me to address him occasionally, and if in the heat of enthusiasm, or the hurry of commenting upon copy, I sometimes speak with less cold deference than precise critics would deem necessary, I am

sure that neither husband nor wife will take offence.

Lately the newspapers have teemed with pathetic remarks about Editors, their labors, trials, and terrible persecutions. No doubt the dear souls are often sorely tried,—sometimes shamefully abused, but generally they get more honor than do the writers, and when, as is often the case, they pay their writers nothing at all, it looks ungratefully small in them, if they send no word of acknowledgment to the thinkers without whose help their paper would be one-half a re-hash garnished with advertisements, and the other half one-sided arguments, all of a like-sameness in tone, and the wife who is not willing her "hubby" should write a courteous word of encouragement to his helpers, be they men or women, single or double, is not a true hearted woman. For myself, I have repeatedly been encouraged by kind words from editors, and am sure the wife of a veteran, and of one less experienced, who have lately held up my weary hands by generous words of cheer, would be thankful if they knew how highly I value their husbands words, and instead of feeling jealous, would bid them be courteous and write again whenever they could spare time, but while I am glad to hear from my editors, and claim the right to express my opinions in a private way occasionally, those with whom I have no business transactions must remember that a professional writer's time is precious and be reasonable in their demands. But enough of this grumbling.

How fast time flies!—How quickly winter with its freight of joys and sorrows, ecstasies and paroxysms, passes away, and is superseded by spring, with its wealth of unfolding beauty; beauty that carries us away from our homes to the sacred wild woods, where in restful communion with Nature, we can grow strong to bear whatever burden or trial God has assigned us. Yet scarcely have we realized what blessed benedictions the spring-time has brought us, ere it too is gone. Then summer comes—to elaborate and perfect spring's beginnings, or put them in readiness to receive the finishing touches of the lovely autumn, and we, day after day, while watching her noiseless foot, realize how expressively true are the words of Mrs. S. M. T. Henry's song:—

"One by one they fall, the blossoms
That perfumed the spring-time air,
Where they bloomed swing rip'n'd clusters,
Gloves of jewels, blonde and rare.

"O, the boughs bend 'neath the burden
That shall make our store complete;
And we bless the wind that scattered
All the blossoms at our feet.

"One by one they fall, lamented,
Hopes we cherished all our Spring;
But upon the summer branches
Richer joys begin to swing.

"They shall ripen, full and golden,
Fleasoms sweet, and deeds sublime,
And will bless the storm that scattered
Flowers to give a fruitful pine."

What a pity we all do not love Nature more, do not hold communion with her oftener, and let her, "Mild persuasive eloquence" "Steal away" the "sharpness" of our troubles.

How kind God is! How tenderly he mingles sweetness in every bitter cup which we must drink. How generously, for one friend whom he takes away because we foolishly made it our idol, giving it the thoughts, the love which was his own just due; he gives us the good will of everyone we meet. How lovingly he spans the cloud which we imagined was unchangeably black, with the brilliant rainbows of his own wise purposing.

Though our eyes be so insensible to the light that we can perceive no beauty in the flowers however gorgeous be their color, yet their rich fragrance may remind us of our Saviour's counsel, "Consider the lilies." Though our ears be so paralyzed, that neither bird song nor thunder peal ever penetrates them, yet as we watch beauteous birds flit hither and thither through the air, they may awaken profitable remembrances of Christ's yet more comforting assurance, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Let us remember all this gratefully, and "leaving behind the things that are behind," let us, "go on unto perfection," for so doing we shall find it is grand to live.

ANGIE FULLER.

June 1880.

The sherry cobbler drinker is a drowning man, if one may judge by the way he catches at straws.

REV. JOB TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Rev. Job Turner (deaf-mute) of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Virginia, under the auspices of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," will visit, the following places for the purpose of holding divine services, which will be of interest to deaf-mutes as well as others.

The great object of the Mission is to afford religious instruction to the deaf and dumb, and to awaken a greater interest in their spiritual welfare.

Wytheville, Va.,	June 27th.
Fredericksburg, Va.,	30th.
Alexandria, Va.,	July 2d.
Charlestown, W. Va.,	4th.
Baltimore, Md.,	5th.
York, Penn.,	6th.
Wilmington, Del.,	7th.
Philadelphia, Penn.,	8th.
Newark, N. J.,	9th.
New York City,	11th.
Stamford, Conn.,	13th.
Bridgeport, "	14th.
New Haven, "	15th.
Meriden, "	16th.
Worcester, Mass.,	18th.
Henniker, N. H.,	25th.

Future appointments will be made in ample time.

Salem Notes.

Prof. John A. Prince, formerly of Salem, and late teacher of the Texas Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is on his way hither with his bride—a Washington lady. He will be in Salem Sunday morning, July 4th. Our boys will make the independence of the pair as enjoyable as possible during their visit, and they will find many objects of interest in and around Salem which will contribute to the pleasure of their honeymoon. It is reported that the Texas Institution will lose the services of the groom, as he has obtained a situation in an institution nearer home.

Hardy P. Chapman, our manager, assumed Mr. Philo W. Packard's place as an upholsterer in W. C. Packard's Furniture Store in this city, upon his appointment as Pastor of the Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes. Mr. Chapman has sold his old boat and got another one of a larger size, and we suppose he will take parties to sail, who come and visit our "witch city" on their vacation. At first he bought a boat without a sail, then a sail boat was purchased in addition, and now having sold the latter, he owns a sail boat of a larger size. Shall he own a schooner, and at last become the possessor of a ship, is the current question.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes and the Beverly Institution for Deaf-Mutes invite the Boston, Lawrence, Worcester and Newburyport Societies, to join their basket picnic on the 14th of July, weather permitting, in a grove in Beverly, a few minutes' walk from the school. Those who prefer can go to the "Willows," a seashore resort, in the afternoon, by taking the horse cars or hired barges. The Nauma Keag Pavilion at the Willows, was informally opened and dedicated lately. The elegant new dining hall in the upper story, was opened for the first time. The appointments are very tasteful and convenient, and the cooking apparatus unsurpassed by any resort on the shore. There are many other interesting places to see and enjoy. All strangers to the place, should come to our rooms, 246½ Essex street, Salem, before 9 o'clock A. M., and we will try to get some one to lead them to the place. To reach our rooms, get out at the end of the Beverly horse car route, turn to the left road, and cross two railroad tracks until you come to the mill on the left, and there you will find us.

Our vacation takes place on the 1st of August, and continues until the 1st Sunday in September. Meantime, we hope the members and friends will carry on the religion of Christ as faithfully as ever, wherever they go.

It is expected that Prof. J. A. Prince will officiate for the Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes, on the 18th of this month, when Bro. Packard will preach in Boston.

Our invaluable pastor, P. W. Packard, enjoys his new field of labor, and is being deservedly held in increasing esteem. His sermons are commended here as well as elsewhere, as clear and forcible. He has the courage of his convictions and has a large, warm heart, a thirst for knowledge and a transparency of character that has endeared him to all. He is the man we want, and for the people generally. As is his wont, his remarks at prayer meeting and in the Bible-class are always sensible and edifying. It is believed, that there is no mute preacher now existing in this country as far as we know, excepting perhaps one in Philadelphia, that works and studies so hard in preparing new sermons every week and in other duties as does Mr. Packard.

On the morning of the 17th of last month, Mr. Hardy P. Chapman went out to take a sail in company with Mr. Cross, of Beverly. On their return home Mr. Cross in stepping into the little boat in which they were to reach the shore, missed his footing, stumbled and fell into the water. By swimming, he reached his boat again and went home wet through. In the afternoon he met Mr. Blanchard, of Charlestown, who once fell from Mr. Chapman's boat, and narrowly escaped being drowned, but some mute fellows who were in company with him succeeded in rescuing him.

Professors Prince and Martin, of Kansas, are expected to be present at our picnic at Beverly Farm, on the 14th of this month. We shall be much pleased to see them, and although Prof. Martin is a stranger to us, he is said to be a very intelligent young man.

Salem, July 2, 1880.

Michigan Letter.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Mr. D. D. Brown, of Copperville, paid us a visit and had a good chat with us at my house, on Wednesday morning, and went home in the afternoon. He said he had sold out his furniture shop and intended getting a situation as a cabinetmaker in this town. He is a good and experienced cabinet-maker.

Mr. Charles Priest, of England, married Mrs. Sarah Hudson, last August, and resides in this town. He is a chromo agent.

John Brooks, the foreman of the Saginaw Bulletin, talks of moving to this city soon. If he does so, we would be very glad to entertain him and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seymour, (nee Adele Thomas, a graduate from Flint,) stopped here and made us a visit, recently. They live in Byron Centre, Kent Co., Mich. They have a good house and twenty-three acres of land.

About three weeks ago, a deaf-mute lady wanted to move to another house. She packed goods and furniture and put a new dust pan in a stove oven and shut the door. After the drayman had moved them to the

other house, her husband put up the stove and made a good fire. She had forgotten to take the pan from the oven, but in about an hour she recollected it, and upon running to the stove and opening the door, found the pan ruined. She was very sorry to lose it, and appeared to set as much value on it as the audiphone which she uses.

James Glass, of Cincinnati, O., passed through this town last week selling chromos. He talks of moving to Montana after the Fourth of July, there to engage in mining.

I left the Stockwell Furniture Shop some time ago and am at present employed in the cabinet shop of Gay & Berkey. I am a Veneer maker, and make good wages. Four of the wood carvers employed in the shop came from Italy, and get \$5 per day. Some of the best cabinetmakers receive from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day.

W. H. Bloom,
Grand Rapids, Mich., June 29, '80.

Exonerating Mr. Vance.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The interests of humanity prompts me to state to your readers that I called on Mr. and Mrs. Vance after the picnic at the Highland House, and was furnished with information concerning the attempt to deprive Mr. McGregor of the pleasure of providing for the holding of the Convention, which has long been solicited by many mutes.

The fact is that Mr. Vance had really become interested in arranging for the Convention, the real object of which is an easy one to explain as well as the duty to perform, despite the assertion of "Columbus." Furthermore, he continued to do all he could for the success of the Convention until Mr. McGregor made the offer of his services in the manner well known to your readers. He had no notion of running over Mr. McGregor as "Columbus" claims, and wished to withdraw his services for a special purpose unnecessary to mention. I regret to say that he was annoyed about the question of Chairmanship, but declined to yield to the wishes of persons who sought to make themselves famous by writing that disgraceful article which has caused so much comment. In justice to Mr. Vance, I will state that he did not write the article nor did he authorize any one to do so.

As the Convention comes in a short time, there is the usual manifestation of enthusiasm, in spite of the little sensation arising from the ambition of the last named persons.

"We, Us & Co.," why in the name of humanity did you call our Society a "Circus?" Do you not write for the JOURNAL in the interests of mutes? If not, you had better quit. You should not say any more about it until you learn better.

"Mignon," you are perfectly a stranger to the "Opposition Party" you mentioned in connection with the picnic at the Highland House. What a grand fizzle! What next? You are right when you said some body called you a "witch." Don't you feel worse than ever? There is no such thing as the said party. Please do not mention it again until you are enlightened in regard to the object of our association.

Mr. Freeman, Mr. Vance is as good and true a friend as you ever had, and it is a disgrace to write that he howls and gnashes his teeth with jealous hate and rage. You ought to know that such a respectable man as Mr. Vance would never have made such a statement. Fred is the author. He should have remained away from Cincinnati and attended to his own business.

As there is no danger of further interruption from Mr. Vance, the arranging for the Convention will continue without interruption.

J. C. BERKLEY.
Moscow, O., June 26, 1880.

THE DUMB SPEAK.

HOW THEY ARE TAUGHT AT THE CENTRAL NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

(Rome Sentinel.)

Prof. Nelson stated that the mental condition of the deaf-mute is unlike that of any other persons, whatever his affliction may be. When we stop to think that all a child's knowledge of language comes from hearing others speak; when we think of the quickness and rapidity with which children learn and pick up daily facts and items outside the effort of any particular instruction, and are daily gaining knowledge of people, things and all the world contains, it makes us shudder to see these children, to whom everything is a blank, until by slow drudging, weary process something is given them by which they may begin gleaning somewhat from the world's stores. Do many of us realize all that the world sound contains? Do we realize what it is to be deprived of the sense of hearing? Blindness is hard, but does not touch the mind; it is a physical affliction. Deafness touches only one organ and that not visibly; but the calamity that befalls the mind is one of the most pitiable of human woes. But to come back to the question of what is done for these children? We prepare them for direct communication with their fellow-men, domestic converse, literary pleasures, intellectual research, as well as for the stern practical duties of life. All these things we place within their grasp, by this great and grand system of education which three centuries ago was unknown, and the deaf-mute no better than a madman or an idiot. I feel so deeply on this subject that I could say much more, but time forbids.

I am sure all will agree with me that this work needs teachers especially trained for and adapted to this branch of education in order to make it a success, and that too much praise cannot be bestowed upon those whose physical strength and nerves as well as brains must feel the wear and tear of this laborious branch of their profession. Of course they have great compensation when the results are contemplated; when they see deaf-mutes taking their places, as equals, among the first and foremost of the land, and living successful, happy lives.

Pupils are taught to read the lips and articulate by "Bell's System of Visible Speech." The system is based upon symbols, by means of which the pupils are taught to produce the consonant and the vowel sounds. After acquiring the principles of the system the pupils are able, by practice, to speak quite plainly in time. The symbols are different marks denoting lips, tongue, nose, breath, etc. Thus the pupils are taught to talk by signs, which tell them when to open and close the mouth, when to draw in the breath and when to expel it. The professor, as an example, showed how the mutes were taught to pronounce "m," viz: by the signs which told them to open the lips, close them and expel the breath through the nose.

Miss Anna Garratt's class in articulation and lip-reading was introduced. It was composed of three boys and three girls. Prof. Nelson asked: "What is the capital of the State of New York, and where is it situated?" Of course no member of the class could hear the sound of Mr. Nelson's voice. Miss Garratt placed two scholars back to back and asked one of them question by lip articulation or motion of the lips. The pupil repeated it to her and then asked the other pupil the question in the same manner. The latter put the question on the black-board in symbols and written language. Prof. Nelson then gave Miss Garratt a question to be put to a pupil, the latter to ask it of another pupil. The question was "Are you glad to go home?" The question was asked by all the pupils and answered by articulation, by symbols and by written language. They also read the question and answers off the board by means of the symbols. By request of Prof. Nelson, Rev. J. H. Taylor asked the class a question. It was, "What is Kamtskatka and where is it situated?" Miss Garratt put the question on the board in symbols and each scholar read it closely and well. Of course their pronunciation and accent are often faulty, because they have no idea of the sound of the human voice. But they do well, and the wonder is that they can talk at all. Dr. Taylor asked another question: "Will it rain to-night and thunder like lightning?" All the pupils read the questions from the symbols put upon the board by Miss Garratt. By request, a little girl named Gertrude Grimes came upon the platform and asked the pupils some questions by means of lip articulation. They answered all the questions readily and plainly. The teaching of the system of symbols and articulation was begun only last year, and the advance of the class is quite remarkable. The audience was surprised and delighted to learn that deaf-mutes could be taught to talk and converse, the same as though they had been born with the organs of speech and hearing perfect.

Obituary.

DEATH OF ANOTHER OF CHICAGO'S OLD RESIDENTS—JARED GAGE, ESQ.

Jared Gage, Esq., one of the oldest of the prominent men who have been actively identified with Chicago's history of the past forty years, died at his home at Lake Side, north of the city, on March 31st, 1880, at the age of seventy-five years. The death of so well known and useful a citizen calls for more than a simple announcement. Mr. Gage was born at Litchfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., in 1805. He went West in 1836, and settled first at Gage's Lakes, (nine miles west of Wanaken, Ill.) and removed to Chicago in 1840. He engaged in the milling business there, and established the first flour mills in the city. He was associated in the business with his brother, Mr. John Gage, and John C. Haines, under the firm name of Gage & Haines. They built the store and brick mills located at the corner of South Water and River Streets, which were standing until a few years before the great fire of '71. He was very successful at this business, and retired in 1856. Being fond of country life and a man of simple tastes, he moved out of the city, near Winnetka, where he had since lived. He was subsequently connected with the Fidelity Bank, and the unfortunate career of that institution was the cause of his first break in health. He was a candid, straightforward man, of unblemished honor, genial in temperament and manners, and a good citizen in every respect. He was twice married. By his first wife, Hannah Weed, he leaves two children, Mr. John L. Gage and Mrs. Mary G. Hontenburgh; by his second wife, Sarah Merrill, there are also two children, Mr. George M. Gage and Mr. Frank J. Gage. His death was peaceful and like passing into a quiet sleep, although preceded by a long and painful sickness.—Chicago Evening Journal.

"When I was your age," said old Mr. Trot, "I rose with the lark." "I beat you clear out of sight, then," said Tom, wearily and triumphantly, "I have been up all night with him."

Good and Better.

BY ANOIE FULLER.

To die! O it is sweet,
To bid adieu to sorrow, loss, and care,
To fold the weary limbs, compose the feet,
And never more to breathe an anxious prayer:
To say a few faint words of kind, "good night,"
To tell our friends whom we consider true,
Then close the eyes to earth's poor fitful light,
And open them on scenes sublimely new.

To live! O it is grand,
When disappointment, trouble, loss, and pain,
Have tracked us on, and until we stand
Convinced that, "unsustained," "poor,"
and, "vain,"
Are the right names for much we mortals seek
And struggle for, most pertinaciously.—
Till God draws near rebuking words to speak,
And takes our idols, one by one, away.

To live! O it is sweet,
Each day, each hour, we live to strive to be,
A blessing to each soul we chance to meet,
Lovingly helping it, to feel and see,—
Life is worth living; it is a precious boon,
A wholly precious boon; although the heart,
Before we have attained our prime, our noon,
Has with its dearest hopes, been forced to part.

To live! O it is grand,
To live not for oneself and friends alone,
But for each troubled soul whose trembling hand,
Is raised to Heaven; whose agonizing moan,
Echoes through space; onward from sphere
to sphere,
Onward, through each celestial clime and zone:
Until it reaches the all-pitying ear,
Of Him, who sits on Heaven's eternal throne.

To live! O it is sweet,—
Self-will, self-love, self-righteousness and sin
To give up, to trample beneath our feet,
And daily, sanguine victories to win,
In heart, in mind, in body, and in soul.
O'er eye, and ear, and tongue, and hand,
To give up all that makes our individual whole:—
To live, to live, in truly sweet and grand,
June 1880.

Peace of Christians.

Delivered before the Boston Society, by Gorham D. Abbott.

Peace I leave unto you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—(JOHN XIV. 27).

"My peace!" There is something peculiar in this expression; as though the peace Christ gives is different from some other peace.

There is a peace which is of the world, which the world gives and takes away. The sunny sides of Etna smile with vineyards. Grapes ripen, flowers bloom, birds warble, flocks gambol over the verdant slopes, and on the flowery lawn children dance and sing. Yet beneath all this placid beauty, volcanic fires are heaving, and young earthquakes struggle in Titanic throes.

Such is the peace which the world gives; peace without Religion. The cheek may smile, the eye sparkle, and the laugh may ring merrily from the lips. The world which judges by the outward appearance alone, says, "How happy!" But could you look within the heart, in lonely hours, in midnight watchings, in seasons when the cloud of sadness flits by, or when reflection forces itself upon the soul, what a turbulent, restless flood would you often find there.

But there is a peace which the Saviour gives. A bride of a few months, was sitting pensive and languid in her sick chamber. Wealth, friends, position, all were hers. She had every thing to live for that earth could afford. But the hectic flush and the hollow cough, too distinctly foretold her doom. Her physician took her by the hand and said:

"I fear that I shall shock you by the communication I must make; but you must die, and in a few hours."

"Oh no!" she replied, "That does not shock me, I have long anticipated this. Jesus is my friend. Heaven is my home."

With a smile kindling her beaming eye and lingering on her pallid lips, she bade her friends adieu, saying: "I shall be the first to greet you loved ones, when you come to join me in my eternal home." This is the peace which Jesus Christ gives.

The Christian mother bows over her first born, cold in death. Anguish rends her heart, and yet joy beams through her grief, like sunlight through the riven clouds. "I shall meet my child again," she says. Faith triumphs. She is comforted. This is the peace Christ gives. It is peculiar you perceive. Christ calls it, "My peace." It is peace in the midst of the tempest; as in the stormy midnight among the waves of Galilee when Jesus Christ said: "It is I. Be not afraid!" And straightaway there was a great calm.

A Christian father is on a dying pillow. His wife and children stand broken hearted by his bedside. This is one of the sorest trials earth can bring; an affectionate father leaving a helpless family to the cold world. The world has no peace to present here—not one consoling word. But Christ comes and whispers into the fainting ear words full of comfort and of promise, to the widow and the orphan. Peace enters the soul of the dying—perfect peace. Upon the bosom of the Saviour, the Christian husband and father falls gently and peacefully asleep.

Every one needs this peace which Christ gives. We all live a double life—the life which others set and think we live, and the life of the soul which is revealed only to our own consciousness and to the eye of God. The real life of every man is this inner life of conflict, of temptation, of hope, fear, remorse, despair. Never did battle rage at Pharsalia or Waterloo like the battle which often desolates the soul of man, whose external aspect, perchance, may be as serene as the air of evening. There is nothing in this side of the spirit world more sublime, more full of awe, than this soul warfare frequently is, as some experience it.

You meet a man on the pavement,

with gentle movement, placid eye, and who speaks in soft and kindly tones. Like other men, he walks the streets and bows pleasantly in morning greeting. There is nothing which meets your eye that reveals the tempest which, perhaps at that moment, rends his whole immortal nature, and which may be hurrying him to temporal and eternal ruin. Remorse, with her flying artillery, may be thundering through all the avenues of the soul. Squadrons of fury passions may be making their impetuous charges, while cries of terror, anguish and despair are echoing through all the chambers of his troubled spirit. This battle is often too strong for human frailty to endure. The knife, the rope, the poison vial, is often concealed, with which the despairing combatant, by suicide, hopes to end the strife.

Cowper was thus vanquished, and sought death. Lord Castlereagh, one of England's most devoted statesmen, in the delirium of this conflict of the soul, opened an artery and escaped from the conflict here, perhaps only to encounter fiercer warfare in the world to which he had rushed unbidden. Hugh Miller, one of the strongest and most eminent of philosophers, was driven to frenzy by this battle of the soul, and in that frenzy rushed uncalled for into the presence of his Maker.

How little do we know of each other. No man is acquainted with his neighbor. The husband and wife, even when most tenderly united, live in two distinct worlds. We see only the outside of each other. The inward spirit, with all its majestic and tumultuous movements of mystery and of wonder, is concealed from our view.

Look at the face of an ocean in a calm. It seems as placid as a mirror upon the wall. And yet, in its depths, the swiftest fin may fiercely part the wave, and monsters of voracity may pursue their terrified prey through caverns which no sunlight can ever penetrate.

Some men are surrounded with apparently every thing that is adverse to human happiness—poverty, friendlessness, pain. And yet beneath it all, there may be an undercurrent of peace, which makes life a blessing and a joy. Others there are, upon whom fortune seems to have lavished her choicest favors. They have health, opulence, and all the attractions of a princely home. And yet life to them is a burden intolerable.

Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV., of England, when dying, said: "Write for my epitaph: 'Here lies England's injured Queen, who never experienced a real joy.'"

Indeed, to every one, no matter how favored by fortune, there will come days of sadness. The November storm, chill and desolating, is but the emblem of many hours through which we all must pass. In our own souls we find the antetype of those storms which wreck the wintry sky. We all, at times, have occasion to say,

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
And every gust of dead leaves is a cry,
And the day is dark and dreary."

The peace which Christ gives is exactly adapted to such a world and to such tempest tossed souls as ours. It comes to the heart in the deepest despondence, with refreshment and cheer. And yet the superficially observing world can but feebly appreciate the richness, the power, the priceless value of this peace.

Two travellers are on a bleak plain. The night is dark and stormy, with wind and flooding rain. They are drenched to the gale, numbed with cold and almost ready to perish with fatigue. The storm beats alike upon them both. Both alike experience its fury.

But one of them sees in the distance the light of his home. It tells him that the hearth fire is burning brightly, that the table, with the warm repast is spread; that slippers are on the rug, to be exchanged for his dripping shoes. And more than all, it assures him that wife and child with love beaming smiles, are waiting to greet him.

And the light of his much loved home beams through the storm upon his eye, thus revealing to him the bliss to which in one short hour he will be introduced, he wraps his cloak around him, and tramps bravely on through sleet, and gloom, and rain, singing merrily, for his heart is joyous:

"There is no paradise like home, sweet home."

The other benighted wanderer on the same plain, exposed to the same storm and cold, is a houseless, homeless vagrant. There is no fire for him, no table spread with luxuries to appease his hunger which is gnawing at his vitals; there is no wife with her smiles, no child with its greetings, waiting to welcome him. The gloom of the tempestuous night is rendered more dark and chilly by the gloom which settles upon his soul. He must seek shelter in some shed or barn, or throw himself upon the frozen ground, beneath some dripping shrub, and there in vain seek sleep, while the wailing of the storm mocks his misery.

So it is in the toilsome, tempest swept journey of life. The Christian and worldlying on the way are alike overtaken by darkness and the storm. They both encounter its unmitigated fury. It beats upon the head of one as pitilessly as upon that of the other. Alike they are chilled, drenched, exhausted. The spirit of unbelief says: "What is religion good for then? It does not rescue one from life's troubles."

No! But the Christian sees in the distance the illuminated windows of

his Father's house. He knows of the greeting which awaits him there, the bliss perfect and eternal, which he will soon attain. This gives strength to his fainting heart. Bravely he can bear whatever of toil or peril he must meet in this earthly pilgrimage.

But for the worldly man in the hour of trial, what is there? Nothing. When that shadowy peace the world gives, the peace of youth, health, prosperity is taken away, there is nothing left.

My friends, upon each one of you the storm must eventually descend, desolating, dreadful. It is as sure to come as that wintry tempests will succeed summer's warmth and bloom.

"Sorrow is for the sons of men
And weeping for earth's daughters."

No one can be exempt. The great questions to be decided are, "Will you have the peace which Jesus Christ gives to sustain you in these dark hours, or will you have no peace? Will you be a wanderer along this your earthly pilgrimage, with no hope to cheer you, or will you be sustained by the assurance that you have in Heaven a warm and happy home where you shall find refuge and rest forever?"

The peace which Christ gives! How precious! It comes just at the time when most sorely needed.

The peace which the world gives at times, gives to a favored few, and for a brief season, is by no means to be spoken of, contemptuously. Silver is precious, though not so precious as gold. The bubble is beautiful, though it will in a moment burst.

Let us go to the joyful bridal. Here are youth, beauty, prosperity, happiness almost rapturous. Here are love and music, and kindest greetings and heart throbbings. It is a glad, glad hour. Is this valueless? Indeed it is not. Though it be but the peace the world gives; though it be almost as transient as the morning dew, it is nevertheless a great blessing, a great joy.

But years glide on with all the momentous events of domestic life.—Children are born and die, griefs come and go, and at last comes old age with all its infirmities. The bride of fifty years, is now an aged, world worn, perhaps sorrow stricken matron. One son has found a grave on the gory battlefield. A daughter sleeps in the village cemetery. One child is in prosperity. Another, is perhaps, in the depths of woe—a wife of a drunkard. Such is life!

A path it is of joys and griefs, of many hopes and fears,
Gladdened at times by sunny smiles, but oftener dimmed by tears.

And now the blooming bride, so happy with the peace the world gave but a few years ago; with silver hair, and furrowed brow, and dimmed eye, and tottering step is bending over an aged form, fainting, gasping on the bed of death.

Her husband, shattered in body and mind, like herself, by the storms of life, is dying. She receives his last breath. With her own hand, she closes his eyelids which are never again to be opened. She gazes in bewildered anguish upon his cold body in the coffin. She follows his remains to the grave, and waits, and waits to die. What is the peace which the world alone can give in such hours as these.

Here the peace which Christ gives is worth more than tongue can tell. It points to another meeting beyond the twinkling stars; to another union which death shall not sever; it tells of another home where grief shall never intrude. The anticipation of this dries the tear from the eye, soothes the anguish of the heart, and endures in the soul a joy substantial and enduring, such as mere youth and earthly love never could confer.

There was a river bottom, wide, smooth, beautiful in its verdure, but a few feet above the glassy stream which swept noiselessly and quietly by. A man, with some hesitancy and against the remonstrances of the wise, built his house upon the meadow. Another came, and influenced by his example did the same, another yet another. A lovely village rose. Each builder had some consciousness of danger, and there was continually rising a sense of insecurity. There were elegant mansions there, wealth and culture, youth and beauty. There were children, young men and maidens, and the aged with those silver locks which four-score years had whitened.

There were some who would not build upon that deceitful plain. Retiring to an eminence, they reared their homes upon foundations which no flood could reach. Thus by their example as well as with the most earnest words, they implored their neighbors and friends to escape from their peril. But their warnings were generally unheeded. Strangers came and erected their dwellings in the meadow.

And now the long predicted hour has come. The rain had been falling in torrents the whole of an autumnal day. As night darkened, the clouds grew blacker, the gale rose to fury, as if howling fiends were riding upon its wings. Thunder peals shook the hills. The windows of heaven were opened, and an ocean seemed to be descending from the clouds.

It was midnight. Oh! what mean that rush and roar of the flood, that crash of falling timber, those shrieks which pierce the tumult of the storm. In that black night no eye but that of God witnesses the tragedy. The morning dawns, and the turbid foaming torrent sweeps unobstructed over the plain. The village, with all its wealth and all its life, has been borne into a common grave.

My friends, are any of you building your hopes of eternal happiness upon an unstable foundation? It is

no I, your frail brother man who assumes to warn you of your danger. It is the Lord Jesus Christ who cries out to you saying that the rain will descend and the flood will come and the wind will blow, and your house will fall and great will be the fall of it.

Are you conscious of your peril? It is not now too late to retrieve the past. Are you devoid of that peace which Christ gives? It is not now too late to obtain it. But you must act promptly, energetically, or you are in danger of perishing forever.

There is no real peace, there can be none, but that which Christ gives. Have you not all learned this again and again? How often have your earthly hopes been disappointed! How often have tears dimmed your eyes! How often has darkness shrouded your path! Where is the heart which has not some chord which vibrates responsive to the dirge and the requiem? Where is the home which mourns not some loved one gone! Who cannot say in words which have echoed through the world:

"Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lonely door,
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more."

Indeed, these very sadnesses that prepare us for the peace which Christ gives, are divine benedictions. It may be doubted whether the highest style of character is ever developed without the ministration of sorrow. The skies are never so bright as when the clouds have been profusely weeping.

There is an indescribable charm in that subdued, earnest, affectionate spirit, which is rarely found but beneath the shadow of some great grief. It is thus that Heaven's choicest blessings may rest upon those that mourn. Is not that peace which Christ gives worth your seeking? We all do need it in this stormy pilgrimage, where

"Each night we pitch our moving tent,
A day's march nearer home."

"Far, far away the roar of passion dieth
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so'er it flyeth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee."

"O rest of rests! O Peace, serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never.
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth,
Fullness of joy, forever and forever."

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

FOURTH ANNUAL

EXCURSION

OF THE

MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

TO

ORIENTAL GORVE
LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, July 13th, 1880.

Gents Tickets, - - - - - 50 cts.
Ladies, - - - - - 25 "
Children from 3 to 10 years old, 15 "

Boat will leave West 25th St. at 7:30 A.M.; Canal St., North River, 8:15 A.M.; East 8th St., 9 A.M.; East 119th St., 10 A.M.

The boat will leave the Grove at about 4 P.M., stopping at 119th St., East 8th St. and 25th St.

The Grove affords excellent facilities for bathing, dancing, strolls and field sports, is well shaded and has ample accommodation for family parties.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

G. Farley, Chairman, Leo Loewenstein,
John Heinman, Frank Klingman,
J. H. Dimond, J. Wilkinson,
Bernard Clark.

Tickets for sale at the JOURNAL office.

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